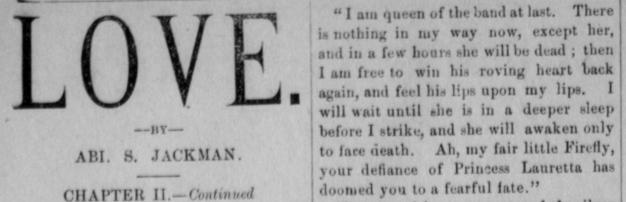
THE REVIEW, RICHIBUCTO, N. B., DECEMBER 1, 1892.



It was past midnight. The threatened tempest had passed away, and the moon, pale, wan, but smiling, was shining above in the heavens. A few stars twinkled merrily overhead, and the tall mountains towered proudly above the stunted trees below their frowning brows.

How still it was! Not a sound broke the almost deathly silence of the night, and the hour, weird and uncanny, added to the loneli).ess of the scene. A strange place, and a still stranger hour for a bride to leave the altar, as it were.

Close behind them with noiseless steps, came the gypsy, Lauretta, her dark face looking like a piece of dusky marble in the pallid rays of moonlight. Her eyes seemed like twin coals, so fiercely did they blaze.

"Smile and be happy while you may," she hissed, her hot breath coming through her lips like the blast from a furnace. "For ere the sun again gilds the summits of those rugged mountains, you will be lying cold and dead, my lady. I warned you not to come between us, but you heeded not my warning, and now your life shall pay the penalty,"

They came in sight of the gypsy camp, and with a lingering kiss upon his bride's lips, the happy bridegroom whispered :

"We will keep our marriage a secret until after the queen's death. It will be better for us both. Good night, my darling, and meet me in the morning, with eyes as bright, and smile as sweet as ever."

He left her at the entrance to the little white tent that she occupied alone. As he walked away he turned once, and looking back, saw the moonlight kissing her fair face and gleaming hair, and thus she always seemed to him-a sweet, spiritual face and slender figure, beautified and glorified by the silvery light that shone round her like a halo. He liked best to remember her as she looked that nightthat fatal night-doomed to bring so much misery and pain into both their lives.

"I am queen of the band at last. There sang its weary song throughout the sunny is nothing in my way now, except her, hours of the long day, and the moon-lit, and in a few hours she will be dead ; then | mysterious nights.

I am free to win his roving heart back Little Firefly paused when she entered again, and feel his lips upon my lips. I the wood, and clasping her hands tightly will wait until she is in a deeper sleep over her wildly throbbing breast whisperbefore I strike, and she will awaken only ed :

"Oh, that face ! that beautiful face of your defiance of Princess Lauretta has my dream! I shall see it ; oh, I know I shall meet him some day and then-"" She covered her face with both hands, She entered her own tent and the silver quivering in an ecstasy of delight, her moon smiled calmly over the sleeping camp, the only sound that disturbed the young heart filled with delicious expectastillness of the starry night being that tion. She had entirely forgotten that she faint, warning rattle that came every now was the bride of Leon Costello, the gypsy. Alas! poor little Firefly, her hero's pictured face had come too late ! And all unconscious of the fearful dan-

"I wish he would come to me and take ger hovering over her pretty, glittering head, little Firefly slept on, her parted me out into the great big beautiful world with him !" she whispered, her eyes filled red lips looking like the fresh, blossoming with a soft, misty light. " Oh, my king, heart of a rose. But for the gentle rise my hero, my own beautiful lover !" and fall of her girlish bosom, one would have thought her a perfect figure of wax, She had forgotten her gypsy husband's

very existence. Suddenly she broke into a little happy But for a happy bride her slumbers

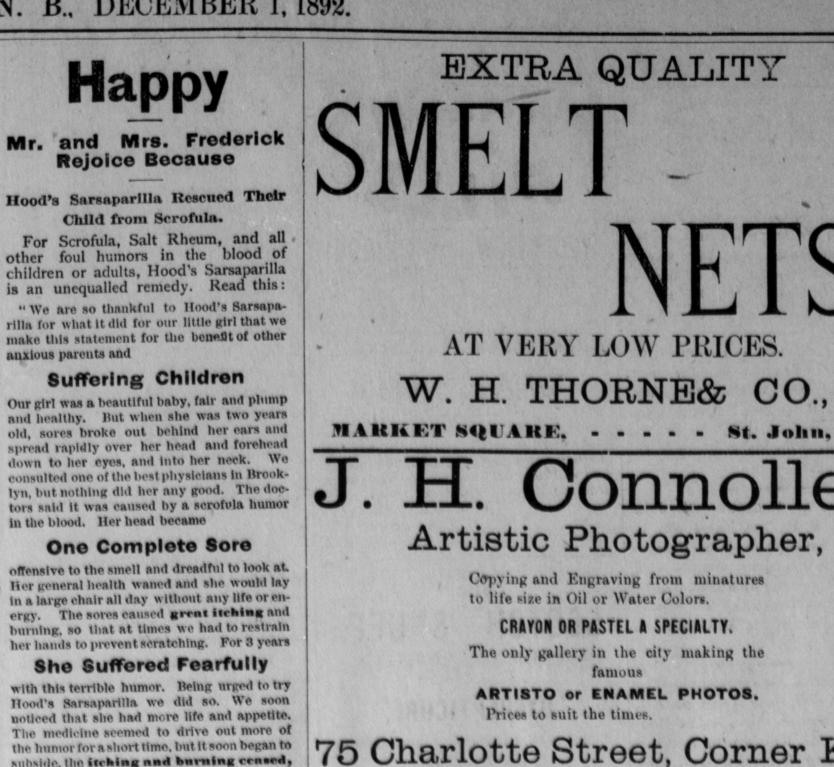
were strangely broken and troubled that rippling laugh, and clapping her hands night by hateful dreams. Was it a warngleefully, she cried ing of what was about to actually hap-

"I will look in the pretty, clear surface of the spring the same as I have read She dreamed she was alone in the midst of other young girls doing, and perhaps I of a deep, dark wood, the dense shadows shall see his face ! Ah, me ! what bliss !" of night falling around her, the mysterious Triuping over to the spring, her dainty murmur of the whispering trees sounding | feet scarcely seeming to touch the ground, in her ears, and the heavy air was filled she knelt down and gazed into the sparkwith a queer, hissing noise that was ling water.

strangely familiar to her. She had heard Through an opening in the branches of it many times before. Where, she could the stately trees the moonbeams peered, not say, nor when, but she was conscious and she could plainly see her own lovely of a feeling of danger, and she longed for face reflected in the lustrous surface. companionship, and the sound of a human shadow clouded her bright eves, for there voice to break this death-like silence that was no handsome, manly face, with eyes the color of the deep, blue sea and a smile She looked hopelessly around her, but like a burst of sunshine, pictured there no sign of a human being was in sight. beside her own, as she had fondly hoped Oh, if some one would only come and there would be.

speak to her it would relieve that fearful, But what was the dark, threatening shadow that fell athwart the mellow,

She raised her longing eyes up to the silvery path that the moonbeams formed frowning heavens and a glad cry burst Surely it was no smiling lover's face that from her lips, for there shining brightly looked back at her with sullen, black eyes Is an illustration of what Hood's Sarsaparilla in the heavy, shadowy depths, she beheld in whose murky depths the light of bitter hatred and revenge burned like fires from the infernal regions below. It was not But as she looked again she saw that the voice of love, sweet and low, like the one star glittered and scintillated like a rippling of a mountain stream, that his-



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other foul humors in the blood of children or adults, Hood's Sarsaparilla is an unequalled remedy. Read this:

rilla for what it did for our little girl that we make this statement for the benefit of other anxious parents and

Our girl was a beautiful baby, fair and plump and healthy. But when she was two years old, sores broke out behind her ears and spread rapidly over her head and forehead down to her eyes, and into her neck. We consulted one of the best physicians in Brooklyn, but nothing did her any good. The doctors said it was caused by a scrofula humor in the blood. Her head became

offensive to the smell and dreadful to look at. Her general health waned and she would lay in a large chair all day without any life or energy. The sores caused great itching and burning, so that at times we had to restrain her hands to prevent scratching. For 3 years

Hood's Sarsaparilla we did so. We soon noticed that she had more life and appetite. The medicine seemed to drive out more of the humor for a short time, but it soon began to subside, the itching and burning ceased, and in a few months her head became entirely clear of the sore. She is now perfectly well, has no evidence of the humor, and her skin is clear and healthy. She seems like an en-tirely different child, in health and general appearance, from what she was before taking

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CHAPTER III

" YOU HAVE WON MY LOVER'S HEART AWAY FROM ME. NOW, CURSE YOU, DIE ! "

ed herself upon the edge of the snow- still shone on with that same steadfast, white bed, kept so smooth and neat by peaceful glow. her own nimble fingers. As she did so, she fancied she heard a faint, rattling crawling, wriggling thing that crept from noise. She listened. It was not repeated. and she whispered :

I feel to-night. I am a bride, and brides fire, while above the night-wind sighing are always happy ; but I----

The sentence ended in a low sigh, She warning rattle ? leaned her head upon her hands and sat done ?

with a nervous laugh. "How very foolish ; and yet why does the thought that] from that awful, yet fascinating object. have made a fearful mistake always haunt Oh, God ! It was coming nearer and me ?"

the veil that separates from your young move. eves the mystic future.

the sparkling mountain dew that kisses an awful, awful death ? with jeweled lips the dark, frowning peaks summer sky.

how tranquil her slumbers were, and a stared in amazement, all traces of a snake fiendish smile of satisfaction flitted across had vanished, and before her eves were the hateful, swarthy countenance of Laur- the faces of Lauretta, the gypsy princess, etta, the revengeful gypsy princess, as she and her own husband. Leon Costello. peered in upon the fair sleeper.

With soft, velvet steps she advanced to She shrunk back in fear and dismay, the bedside and gazed with glittering eyes and then something whispered to her to at Firefly's lovely face, longing to stamp look at the other star. She obeyed, and it into the ground underneath her feet. beheld a man's face, fair, handsome, It required all her self-control not to wind tender, a gentle expression in the blue her long fingers around that waxen-like eves, and with a wild, glad, cry, stretched throat and throttle out the sweet life.

"But I can wait." she whishered, her her eruel lips. "I can wait an hour curling hair, and cried :

two stars that twinkled like two beacon lights.

oppressive feeling in her heart !

and then from Queen Lauretta's tent.

so motionless was she.

pen

spark of fire, blinding and confusing her sed eyes with its fitful glow, while the other

was slowly but surely driving her mad.

beamed down upon her, shedding a soft, from me. Now, curse you, die !" mellow radiance over all. A heavenly halo seemed to linger where ever its

luminous rays fell. She reached up her hands, laughing aloud like a little child hoping to reach the stars, and as she did so, one fell broken Little Firefly entered the tent and seat- and burning at her feet, while the other

But oh, horrors, what was this fearful, the heart of the fallen star, and darted its noisonous forked tongue at her, its wicked "Only my fancy ; that is all. How sad little eyes sending forth tiny streams of through the ghostly trees sounded that

It was a monstrous snake, and each plunged in deep thought. What had she passing moment the hideous body grew larger. To the terrified girl it seemed as "How foolish I am !" she said, rising, if ages were passing over her head, and still she could not tear her horrified gaze she tried to shriek aloud, but her tongue Ah ! why, little Firefly ? You will seemed to cleave to the roof of her mouth,

know soon enough. Do not seek to pierce and her dry, parched lips refused to Slowly it raised itself, its fiery eyes still

She threw herself, dressed as she was, holding her gaze and now she could feel upon the couch, and soon sunk into a the slimy coils tightening around her, peaceful sleep-the happy, innocent sleep crushing the life out of her body. Oh. of a young girl whose heart is as pure as kind Heaven, must she die alone and such

Suddenly thousands of dancing lights that seem to meet the fadeless blue of a appeared before her eyes and the head of

the reptile seemed to change, and take on Her regular breathing soon announced a likeness to a human face, and as she whom she had wedded that very night.

up her hands to him and awakened.

She was trembling in every nerve when white teeth gleaming like pearls in the she opened her eyes, and, springing from moonlight, while a wicked smile wreathed the bed, she pushed back the masses of

longer, and then the revenge will be all "Thank God ! it is only a dream, but vet," and she shuddered violently. So restless and nervous was she that she carried in one hand. She laughed she could not rest. She knew that sleep would not visit her eyes again that night, "Be patient, my little friend Satan. and pushing aside the heavy curtains that You are as anxious as your mistress is for guarded the doorway of her tent, she murmured

"You have won my lover's heart away

CHAPTER IV.

"MY GOD, THAT FIERY-RED SCAR UPON YOUR ARM TELLS IT ALL, AND YOU ARE MY LONG-LOST CHILD."

With that hateful, revengeful voice, sounded the fearful, blood-chilling rattle that Firefly had so plainly heard in her dreams. Great God ! had her dream of horror come to pass, or was she still dreaming ?

"Yon have won my lover's heart away from me : now curse you-die !"

Again those cruel words were repeated, while a burst of laughter so wicked, so demoniacal, that Firefly's heart stood still, rang through the wood.

Her staring, horrified eyes were fastened in uncontrollable fascination on the shimmering pool of water where she was kneeling, and she could not help but see che fearful picture back of her in its mirror-like surface, and ob. God. it was a wonder that her hair did not turn snowy white during that awful time.

Grouching close behind her, with the look of a fiend incarnate upon her livid. working face, was Princess Laurette, her bitter rival, and in her hand she held a box from which proceeded the deadly rattle. Firefly's acute ears heard that sound, and she knew well what it was, for had she not heard it time and time again when she was roaming over the mountains in her frequent searches after flowers ? Yes, she knew what it was, and she knew what the wicked Laurette's real intentions were now, for like a flash she remembered how she had warned her, swearing that she would kill her if she robbed her of her lover. This, then was to be her fate. That heartless, soulless gypsy would let loose the rattlesnake she had in the box, and she-

A dark mist came before her eves, and she thought she was dying, but once more she heard that hateful voice saying fiendishly :

"You are in my power at last, my pretty Firefly, and you can see how, by fluttering too close to the fire, you have burned your dainty wings. Now, you .hall die, and I, the queen of the gypsies, will be in your place, for I shall win Leon Costello's heart just as sure as the morn-

ing dawns for me, but-not for you."

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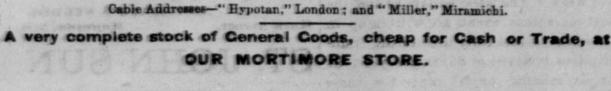
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the sweeter. Ah, my pretty Firefly, that oh, heaven, what a terrible dream. I can beautiful face will not appear so sweet feel the coils of that snake crushing me and tranquil an hour from now !"

A faint, rattling sound came from a box softly, and whispered to herself :

the work to be finished. But the quicker we strike, my pet, the quicker her sufferings will be over with-curse her."

Again the same sickening sound disturbed the silence. It was the warning rattle of a deadly rattlesnake

God above ! was this crael, black-browed gypsy about to let loose the loathsome reptile to strike the fair, young girl a death blow? Merciful Heaven! what a fearful revenge!

Casting a look of hatred upon Firefly sleeping so sweetly, she stole noiselessly from the tent, and outside she paused, shispering exultingly

"I cannot remain in here after such a dream. The very air will stiffe me. And ever. the night is so lovely !"

She slipped softly from the tent out into the silvery moonlight. Pausing a moment she drew a long breath of relief, and then walked slowly in the direction of her favorite haunt, a wood not far from the camp.

How quiet and calm it was there be- well. neath the green, whispering trees, and "Mercy ?" the gypsy princess shricked,

laughed mockingly, her white teeth gleaming like a wolf's fangs from between her "Mercy ! mercy !" Firefly gasped faintly, all hope dead within her breast, for

she knew this woman's nature only too

under the shadow of a great moss-grown her eyes darting forth a glare of merciless rock, a clear, liquid spring bubbled and hatred. "Fool that you are to expect

BRITISH, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC She opened the box, and an instant later the ugly head and beady eyes of the Goods. Dry serpent were plainly visible beneath the same rays of moonlight that kissed little Firefly's pallid face and ashen lips. The TEAS, &c., forked tongue darted from side to side as if eager to strike the fatal blow, and that CANTERBURY STREET. ST. JOHN, N. B soul-terrifying rattle sounded nearer than FIRST-CLASS "Ha! ha! a heavy price to pay for Livery Stable! stealing a gypsy maid's lover," Lauretta I am prepared to furnish

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